

# PAN

a magazine about  
boy~love

## NEWS

Stockholm, London  
New York, Copenhagen

THE FIRST  
OF THE MONTH  
a story

DR. F. BERNARD on  
The Child and  
Paedophilia

THE WAY IT IS  
IN MOROCCO  
by Steven Wood

THE BATTLE LINE  
Dr. Densen-Gerber as  
Witch of the Week

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photograph  
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See Note  
on p.2

number 3

## **N.B.**

**PAN** and, as of issue 13, *P.A.N. (Paedo Alert News)* contained a number of photographs unrelated to the text material, included as artistic content (dependent, of course, on the "eye of the beholder") illustrating the beauty and grace of boyhood. There was never nudity, and all photographs were strictly legal by standards in operation at the time of publication, as well as today.

Some of the photographers were professional, some amateur, and likewise for the models. Photographs that were related to the articles in most cases have been included here. To respect privacy and because of unknown copyright status of the individual photographs, illustrations not related to the text have been deleted from these Web copies of PAN.

Exceptions have been made, and noted where appropriate, for photographs that are part of the public record; for which permission to publish has been obtained; or that previously have been published elsewhere on the Web, for example, at anti-paedophile Web sites.

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# PAN a magazine about boy-love



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**Photos on inside and outside of both covers and on pages 7, 12, 14, 15, 19 and 30 are by Paul Richards. Jean Loup drew the sketches appearing on pages 21 and 23.**

**WE NEED YOUR HELP.** The world is our arena, but we cannot know what is going on everywhere without the assistance of our readers. News clippings, comments, evaluation of the social climate with respect to paedophilia in every land are most urgently needed if we are to make **PAN** the best, and most informative, magazine on boy-love ever produced.





# IN BRIEF....

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN As of last July it is no longer allowed for anyone, including parents, to spank or otherwise physically punish children. The new law has been welcomed by many Swedish child psychiatrists, psychologists, sociologists and doctors but has been opposed by one small sect of the Pentecostal Church, which threatens to go underground.

— SOURCE: *C S C Nusletter*, August, 1979

WASHINGTON, U.S.A. After disclosures last year that federal authorities were snooping into personal letters mailed within the U.S. to other U.S. addresses, the Postal Service has issued regulations that the FBI, the CIA and other police and intelligence agencies must first get a federal warrant before opening and reading any domestic mail. This, however, does not apply to mail originating outside of the United States, to letters going to prisoners or to 'dead-letter' mail.

NEW YORK, U. S. A. Last July Edgar Quann, a boy-lover in his late fifties, was murdered by a small New York Muslim sect for having had sex with the ten-year-old son of one of the church members. On Sunday, 21 July, after a church service during which news of Quann's sexual acts was made public, he was taken by some of the church members to another location within the Islamic community and 'given a spanking' which resulted in his death shortly afterwards in the Bronx Lebanon Hospital. 'Edgar Quann stood convicted under Islamic Law of child abuse, of sodomy,' *Imam* (minister) Adbul Haq Mohammad told investigating police. He said that the Koran

requires punishment of those who corrupt children. 'This is something I'm not ashamed of,' the *imam* said. 'I'm a God-fearing man like any other person who believes in God. My religion guides me.' The mosque members did not, however, intend to kill Quann, only to punish him and then turn him over to the police. 'You have to ask yourself what you would do if it were your child, your ten-year-old son. Every father, every mother, every uncle, brother, sister would be outraged. And that rage would move you to take action, no matter what your religion.'

— SOURCE: *New York Daily News*, 25 July, 1979

CHELMSFORD, ENGLAND Contrary to popular belief, there are boy-lovers of almost every political persuasion. Two former members of the National Front (British equivalent of the Nazi Party) were recently convicted here of having had sex with a thirteen-year-old boy. One man, Colin London, a former fish shop manager, received a two-year sentence, and the other, Harold Nash, a former company director, one year.

— SOURCE: *Gay News*, September, 1979

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK The child-porn back-lash has made serious inroads in this sexually liberal country. In the past couple of months one publication 'has run quite a crusade against the use of children in pictures and movies, and this has been followed up by several other newspapers and magazines,' according to a Danish correspondent. So far no legislation has passed but a ban is expected within the year.



Meanwhile two Copenhagen sources of juvenile pornography are mailing out leaflets advising customers to buy now . . . before it is too late.

READING, ENGLAND Reading Jail, famous the world over as the site of Oscar Wilde's destruction, is still at it. 'It's 300 inmates,' according to the *Sunday Express*, 'include child sex offenders and others whose 'anti-social' type crimes mean they have to be kept apart from other prisoners.' The English public must be relieved to know that its murders, muggers, rapists and thieves, whose crimes presumably are not considered 'anti-social' in Britain, are receiving proper protection from the nation's imprisoned paedophiles.

— SOURCE: *Sunday Express*, 1 August, 1979

NEW YORK, U. S. A. Meryl Friedman, a spokesperson for the Gay Teachers Association has told a reporter for the *New York Post* that, although the organization opposes teachers having sex with their students, he does not otherwise disapprove of man-boy relationships. 'There is no problem if the relationship goes on out of school,' he stated. The article goes on to say that those who oppose allowing acknowledged homosexuals to teach school are afraid that such persons may serve as 'role models' for their students, but it quotes Alan Bell of the Kinsey Institute. These fears, says Bell, 'are ludicrous' because 'a child's sexual orientation is crystalized by age 13... A gay teacher will have very little bearing on these feelings.'

— SOURCE: *New York Post*, 11 July, 1979

BOSTON, U.S.A. The Boston suburb of Revere came to world-wide attention last year when the police and 'Irish Mafia' politicians exposed (and in large part invented) a 'sex ring' with young boys. Now the Revere City Council has passed an ordinance which requires licensing of all persons who in their employment come into contact with

children. Applicants with 'child abuse' police records will be rejected. Councilor William Bell, ultra-conservative sponsor of the ordinance, said Revere would show the state of Massachusetts how to protect youngsters from criminal abuse.

— SOURCE: *Boston Herald American*, 14 August, 1979

NEW YORK, U. S. A. The American Psychological Association, holding its annual convention here the first week of September, took up some of the more sensational aspects of paedophilia, which they still seem to consider both an affliction and a crime. Psychoanalyst Herbert Freudenberger speculated at the APA's annual convention that 'the rise in child pornography and prostitution' was mainly due to 'sexism'. 'Sex and power are intimately interwoven,' he said. 'Men who fear that women will become their equals are now turning their sexual powers into the kids - whether it's making the movie, watching the movie or abusing the kids.' He now asks all his patients whether, as children, they had had any sex with adults and, to his amazement, he is discovering that many of them had - with 'fathers, step-fathers, neighbours, boarders, piano teachers - it goes on and on.' It seems, too, according to the APA experts, that 'the child often equates this sexual attention with love.' The result is that he runs away from home and becomes 'pre-occupied' with his body as 'a major focus of gratification'. Thus such children become involved in prostitution and, worse, it seems, pornography. 'They are desperately searching to belong to someone, but with the character on the other side of the camera it's just a marketing deal. He's making millions.' PAN is grateful for this peep into the thinking of cream-of-the-crop American psychologists and psychoanalysts and wonders whether the same level of logic, insight, research and objectivity characterises their investigation into other mental and behavioral matters.

— SOURCE: *The New York Times*, 4 September, 1979

LONDON, ENGLAND On July 25 Tom O'Carroll, chairman of the Paedophile Information Exchange, retired PIE secretary David Grove and retired treasurer Paul Andrews were simultaneously seized in their homes, taken to a London police station and the following day charged at the Bow Street Magistrate's Court with 'Conspiracy to Corrupt Public Morals'. They were not, it seems, mistreated, and later that day they were remanded on bail. O'Carroll and one other man face an additional charge as a result of an early PIE publication entitled *Understanding Paedophilia, No. 4*. Since then two additional PIE men have been arrested, charged and remanded. The 'conspiracy' seems to have involved printing in the PIE newsletter personals in which members outlined their interests (photography, camping, etc.) and invited correspondence or social contact with other men who had similar interests. It also seems likely that publicly defending paedophilia and working to have the laws changed will be presented as conspiratorial activities by the prosecutor. The trial probably will not take place until late next year. It will be held at the Old Bailey, traditional setting for many a show trial.

Meanwhile a new national organization calling itself 'Conspiracy to Corrupt Public Morals' has been formed to defend the four PIE men. The minimum demands, according to London's *Gay News*, 'are freedom of association for paedophiles to meet, discuss and publish their views, a free debate on child sexuality and the abolition of all laws relating to the sexual age of consent of all boys and girls.' The organization derives its support not just from paedophiles, or even gays, but from all segments of the British public outraged by this attempt of the government to extinguish once and for all the freedom of a minority to meet and express its opinions. Two offices have been set up, one in London and one in Bradford. No posting address was available at the time PAN went to press, but enquiries of CHE will probably soon elicit this information.

Direct contributions to the PIE defence fund can be made to PIE, P.O. Box 318, London SE3 8QD.

— SOURCES: *Gay News*, September, 1979; *PIE News Bulletin*, August, 1979

BRIGHTON, ENGLAND Boy-love was a 'hot topic' at the coincident meetings here of the International Gay Association and England's Campaign for Homosexual Equality on the last weekend of August. CHE, according to London's *Gay News*, 'ducked one of the most important questions of principle to come up for debate - should the law be involved at all in regulating consensual sexual acts.' Terry Munyard introduced a motion saying, among other things, that 'retention of criminal penalties for any kind of consensual sexual act between individuals is a totally unjustified encroachment on the rights of all persons to privacy and control over their own bodies.'

However, as boy-lovers well know, the great majority of gays is terrified that supporting any liberalization in age of consent laws, or even a reduction in the criminal penalties for their violation, will only stir up the Whitehouse-Bryant-gutter press forces against *all* gays. CHE executive committee member Christian Elliott was 'outraged' by the motion, not, apparently, on principle but on just these grounds of expediency. 'We can't afford to be associated with paedophiles,' said another committee member. By a two-to-one vote of the general membership the motion was effectively killed by referring it to the EC 'for further study'.

A more positive position, however, was taken by CHE in overwhelmingly affirming that paedophiles should have a right at least to express their views on adult-child sexual relations without risking jail sentences. Twenty-two delegates sponsored a motion demanding that charges of 'conspiring to corrupt public morals' be dropped against four PIE men.

— SOURCE: *Gay News*, September 1979

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**[p.7]**



# THE FIRST OF THE MONTH

by Alan Edward

*When the Head Chorister wears his regulation gray shorts, the smaller choirboys have something to look up to.*

The Bishop's Eye in the nave, infinitely distant, blinked and began to dim; clouds and the night ghosted across the clerestory windows and they grew grey; then all the cathedral was soaked in darkness.

*It's not the cassock or the surplice that counts; it's what's inside.*

Cochrane switched on the organ and fumbled with the console light; at once the loft was brightly illuminated, rows of stops and manuals picked out in brilliant black and white against the old carved oak. Somewhere recessed in the west transept the motor whirled, a diapason groaned, and wind began to flood into the vast instrument. Over the loft rail, down where the intricately carved heads of the choir stalls cast dim, cardboard shadows, he could see the grey line of tombs and monuments with the names of the dead, young and old, carved in pale stone. He averted his eyes. *Dies irae, Dies illa...*

*Remember, boys, when you feel like doing something that might disgrace your choir uniform, take it off first.*

On the console a red light winked. Cochrane pulled out some stops. 'Page sixteen,' he said. 'The Stanford; your solo begins after the fifth bar of the introduction.' *Will you turn over for me, dear boy? No, I mean during, not after.* 'You come in one beat following that series of arpeggios. Have some breath ready, count three and...'

'Oh, Lord,' the boy recited from memory, *'though we are many we are one body, because we all share in one bed...'*

'Bread,' Cochrane corrected. 'And can we have an end to these awful choir school jokes? Please concentrate. The Stanford is down for Evensong tomorrow.'

'You are very severe,' said the boy sadly.

'That's true. Now.' He started to play the notes; they ebbed back from the tall pipes crowded in the nooks and crannies of the vaults all around them. The boy moved backwards slightly out of Cochrane's view; with perfect timing he took his entry. They went all the way through the anthem without stopping; after the last chords Cochrane hesitated for a moment, then reached forward and pressed the button that switched the organ off.

'Wasn't it okay?' asked the boy.

Cochrane swallowed. There was a constriction behind his third waistcoat button that he couldn't account for - it definitely wasn't his after-dinner brandy.

'It was okay,' he said simply. But he wouldn't hear it again. If he did that superb, sensuous voice, moving cool and limped above the organ part, would haunt him through the night like an unhallowed Siren - and a man needed his sleep.

Puzzled, intrigued, he turned to look at the boy. 'You haven't been in the choir long, have you?'

'For a while,' said the boy lightly, fingering his music. He picked up a pencil and marked the first few bars.

'Odd I haven't noticed you.'

'Should you have?' The boy met his gaze enquiringly for a moment, then looked down. 'I'll count three here. I'll need a deep breath before that top G.'

Cochrane didn't respond. Perhaps it was the angle of the lamp, or the unusual half-light reflected from the ivory manuals, that gave, deceptively perhaps, an impression of breathtaking beauty that, somehow, he must have time and again ignored in the more mundane setting of the choir school. Or perhaps it was the brandy after all. The boy had missed at least one regulation hair-



cut. His light blond locks were rather too long: they lay in a smooth curve across his forehead, falling on both sides to meet the ruff at his neck and curling outward slightly at the ends, so that stray locks nestled among the starched linen folds. A pair of dreamy blue eyes set Cochrane's heart off on a rapid arabesque. My God, Cochrane, you must control yourself. He swallowed.

'Your singing is - remarkably good,' he said evenly. 'How old are you?'

'Thirteen. Treize ans. Last Monday. An 'orrible teenager, Matron says. She altered my cassock a bit. What do you think?'

He stood away from the console, into the loft, and spun round once, turning back to face Cochrane. Cochrane was unable to say what he thought. Matron knew her job: a perfect fit, the hem just breaking on his polished black shoes; trim at the waist, with an occasional glimpse of grey choir-school socks and bare knees wherever the cassock spread a little. The boy was reluctant to abandon the subject of his cassock. 'See, she took it in at the waist. Don't you think it's a bit tight here, just sort of around my bum?'

Unexpectedly he came across, picked up one of Cochrane's hands and placed it where he claimed the tightness was. 'How does it feel to *you*?' he asked.

Cochrane's heart was beginning to do somersaults inside his chest. He allowed his hand to slide over the material and the tight, rounded form beneath it. But then something odd about the ease with which the material slid over the young body made him catch his breath. He dropped his hand and looked the boy full in the face.

'Just exactly what are you wearing under that thing?' he asked sharply.

'Well... shoes, my school socks and... well, just my shoes and socks.'

'I thought so! Good heavens, boy, if the Dean were to... What's the idea, anyhow?'

The boy continued looking down. He blushed a little.

'Did the other boys put you up to this?' Cochrane asked.

The youghster nodded. 'It was... a kind of a dare. They said that, well, every boy in

the choir had to go at least once into the Cathedral with his cassock on but... quite bare underneath.'

Cochrane knew most of the small-boy *machismo* games; this particular rite was usually carried out at choral Evensong - and in summer. It was not, in fact, particularly risky, with the nearest observers a good fifty yards distant, and the cassock buttons at decent two-inch intervals.

'But why now?' Cochrane asked. 'I mean, it probably doesn't even count, without a congregation.'

The boy toyed with the music. His colour deepened a bit, then he said, 'It's... well, it wasn't only that. My friend told me...' He hesitated and bit his lip. 'Well, he said that you liked some boys rather... rather a lot, and I wanted you to... well, you've never noticed me much, so...' Thoroughly confused, the boy broke off.

Cochrane sat up straight and coloured. 'That's... impertinent!' he said. God, what these choir boys knew! Were such *innocenti* capable of - of what, for heaven's sake? Jealousy?

The boy's eyes were filling. 'I'm... I'm sorry,' he stammered. 'I didn't think you'd mind. I didn't think you'd be so angry, really I didn't.'

You hurtful bastard, Cochrane thought suddenly. He extended an arm and said softly, 'Come here.'

He couldn't see whether the brimming eyes spilled, but when the boy threw himself into a hug, the cheek pressed hard against his own was definitely damp. He moved his hand gently to and fro, up and down, over the boy's smooth body, tormented almost beyond endurance by the thought of the peach-blossom complexion of the boy's face and neck extending unbroken inside the cassock just a fraction of a millimetre from his touch. Since the forty days in the wilderness, was ever mortal man so tempted, so provoked? Cochrane's fingers found a button, undid it, sought another...

'You *really* aren't wearing anything beneath?' Cochrane said, feigning disbelief while his hand continued to explore, to



open the sky-blue material. The boy persisted in his hug, remaining motionless except for a few pleasurable wriggles.

'Best take my cassock right off,' said the boy. 'That would be better still.'

'Good heavens, not out here!'

'I'd like you to.'

Suddenly in the nave something creaked. Cochrane dropped his hand and sat rigid. 'Don't tell me this silly joke is still going on,' he said sharply. 'Is that one of your friends lurking down there?'

'Of course not!' The boy flushed indignantly. 'What do you think of me?'

'Perhaps we'd better go back to the *allegro ma non troppo*.'

But the boy was suddenly in high spirits. He skipped round the organ loft, flinging his arms about. 'I say, on Sunday at Evensong, I'll come in wearing *just* my cassock, exactly as I am now - I'll sing the Stanford *perfectly* and then I'll come out and do a handstand in the aisle. Several handstands. I'm good at them. Look - I'll show you.'

'No... for heaven's sake!' Cochrane grabbed the boy's arm. His own excitement had become near-uncontainable. One handstand, only one, would be the point of no return. And that mustn't be now - not so soon. And not here!

The boy gave him a look of understanding, then came and perched on the edge of the organ stool, refastening his cassock buttons.

'Can I stay for a while if we just talk, then?'

'I would raise no objection to that,' Cochrane said drily. His heart rate and blood pressure dropped a little. He began to fold up his music.

For a little while the boy sat silently beside him, swinging his legs. 'I know a great deal about the Cathedral,' he said at length rather mysteriously.

'I don't doubt it. Choir school gossip has a lot to answer for.'

The boy shook his head gently and half-smiled. He pointed over the loft-rail, down to where the white tombs were just perceptible in the shadows.

'Oh, that!' Cochrane laughed. 'Well, don't let the older kids scare you with it. We've had the ghost hunters on and off for years - tape recorders, the lot. Nothing's ever been seen, of course. What is it they say? Every year on the anniversary of the tragedy, isn't it? Or has the story changed now?'

The boy smiled again. 'I'm not scared.' He moved over to the corner of the loft, raised himself on his hand a little and perched on the edge of the rail. 'The inscription reads: *Sacred to the memory of Nicholas Blair. Born 1869, died 1882. Beloved chorister.* It was from exactly here that he fell, you know.'

Cochrane sprang up and clutched at a cassock sleeve. 'Get off that edge! Are you insane?'

'It's okay.' The boy eluded him nimbly and moved to the other end of the loft, just outside the circle of lamplight.

'How do you come to know so much?' Cochrane demanded. 'You can't have been here all that long.'

'Long enough,' the boy said carelessly.

Cochrane tried to read his expression but the boy's face was too much in shadow. He blinked a little. 'What's your name, anyway?'

'Nicky. Short for Nicholas. What's yours?'

Cochrane started. 'What do you mean, what's mine? I'm... I'm your...' At once something rose and exploded inside him: realisation, shock, disbelief or simply the trace of some nameless, primitive terror. It took the power from his limbs and he sat down abruptly on the stool, his music sliding to the floor.

Then he asked very quietly, 'Nicky... Nicholas who?'

The boy answered equally quietly, almost in a whisper, 'Guess.'

Cochrane didn't. He couldn't. It was crazy... The boy's long hair, styled, slightly out of fashion, the occasional archaic turn of phrase, even the uncanny, ethereal nature of his beauty, the fact that Cochrane had never even noticed the boy before...



'You can't,' Cochrane began. 'You can't be... *him!* There aren't such things!'

'If you say so. Sir.' The boy came out of the deeper shadows, into the lamp's penumbra where a stray lock or two glowed like molten silver. Cochrane looked at him for a long time, then slowly bent and picked up his scattered music. Real or unreal, ghost or cherub, a *thing* that looked like that could never be evil, could never hurt. And yet...

'Ghosts *don't* have grubby fingers,' he said suddenly. 'And, what's more, I actually touched you.'

'I've come a long way,' said the boy enigmatically. 'And you didn't touch me, you know. You just thought you did.' He smiled faintly. 'That was all.'

'*That* can't be true. Come here.' Cochrane rose and moved towards him, but the boy circled in the half-darkness and slipped away, a reflection, an image in glass. Now he was on the other side of the loft, almost in the full light, where Cochrane had seen him first - blond locks drooping across his gentle features and touching the clean white ruff, one hand resting on the edge of the loft-rail and other carefully holding his leather-bound copy of the Stanford Even-song.

'I can't,' the boy said softly. 'Please don't try to make me. It's all different now.'

Cochrane sat down abruptly. 'It's not fair,' he burst out.

The boy shrugged. 'Why worry? You didn't notice me before tonight, so you won't miss me now, will you? I have to go soon, you know.'

'It's just not fair,' Cochrane repeated. 'And I *have* known you before tonight - oh, for many lonely years - ever since I was boy. But I might have expected you wouldn't be real. You're just another dream.'

'I'm not *quite* a dream,' the boy said with a hint of hurt feelings. 'Ghosts come into a slightly different category.'

'Oh, please don't lecture me! Tease me, torment me if you must, but don't give me a bloody seminar!'

The boy shimmered. Cochrane blinked and the image re-adjusted itself. He held an arm out and said, 'Stay with me - for a little while, at any rate. I won't try to come near you. I promise.'

The boy shook his head. 'I can't. You don't understand. I must go.'

'Will you come back? Soon? Please, Nicky!'

'No. Not soon - maybe never.'

Could a ghost cry? Cochrane was uncertain whether the brightness he saw on the boy's cheek was no more than a trick of the light.

'But are you quite powerless?' pleaded Cochrane. 'Have you, whatever you are, no choice, no free will?'

'I can do one thing. I will write a message for you to read when I am gone; that's all.'

'I don't want a damned message; I want *you!*'

'Put a paper and pencil on the edge of the stool, then move away against the loft rail and don't come any closer.'

Cochrane did as he was told; the boy took the pencil and paper and retreated again. Cochrane picked the music off the floor and started mechanically marking bar after bar until he found he could no longer see what he was doing, and then he realised he was shaking with harsh, wet sobs, crying for all the years of loneliness, for one more loss, one more never-to-be far greater than all the others. He heard a pencil drop on the stool, the rustle of a cassock and unexpectedly - or was it his imagination again - felt two delicate lips pressed for an instant against his cheek. But he didn't look up, knowing that the loft would be empty. At last his tears stopped and his fingers found the boy's note. He had at least that, if, indeed, it wasn't just another cruel joke. He picked it up and smoothed it out on the music desk under the light and read what was written in a round, boyish hand:

Your ghost is still in the choir  
nesting, cold and all alone. Please  
hurry. I do love you, even though  
you are such a cuckoo!  
Nicky (April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1979)



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# PAEDOPHILIA - WHAT IT MEANS TO THE CHILD

by Dr. Frits Bernard

Probably the most crucial question most people have about paedophilia concerns the influence of the paedophile relationship, or a simple sexual contact, upon the child. How does the boy or girl experience that relationship or that contact? What are the after-effects? How does he or she see the experience later, as an adult?

When we speak of a paedophile relationship we mean here a shorter or longer sexual bond between a man or a woman and a boy or girl under sixteen. Sixteen is, of course, an arbitrary age, for it is not based on biology or psychology, but in The Netherlands it is a convenient boundary since it coincides with the legal 'age of consent'.

To answer our question properly we should have at our disposal good data. Surprisingly, however, in view of the extraordinary interest the public is currently showing in these matters, we do not get very far studying the scientific literature or case histories. Hardly any sound research information is available and the literature seldom contains much more than speculation, although here in Holland Tolsma has done original work in this field. The scarcity of information is partly understandable in view of the deep cultural taboo under which these acts still lie and the consequent difficulty the researcher has persuading people to talk about such things: only under very unusual circumstances do these relationships and taboo acts come to light. The 'dark number', thus, is enormous - the number which remains unknown and cannot be included in the statistics.

Too often science is welcome only so long as it leads to conclusions that fall in line with the ideology of the community in which it is practised. Researchers all too often find themselves in difficulties when they initiate objective enquiries into paedophilia because

society fears that they will undermine current ideas about sexuality. Conclusions are sometimes based, therefore, not on objective criteria but on emotional grounds or, at worst, social or political expediency.

But where science has been allowed to pursue its own enquiries according to its own laws, it and public opinion often diverge greatly. 'Common knowledge' has it that sexual contact between adults and children can only have harmful consequences, while responsible researchers are now suggesting that the effects are often quite beneficial. Harmful consequences can, after all, also occur in mutual adult contacts.

Paedophilia is not an unimportant problem affecting a tiny minority. Since the well-known investigations in America by Kinsey, Pomeroy and Martin, we know something more of the frequency of these sorts of contacts and relationships. Ten to fifteen percent of American girls have had at least one experience with adults before they reach puberty. In his famous *Psychosexueller Infantilismus* (1922), Wilhelm Stekel wrote about paedophilia, 'As far as I am able to trace, it must be regarded as a normal component of the sexual drive.' He goes on to say, 'The sexual stimulus that proceeds from children is all the more remarkable because, for many centuries, we have done our best to desexualize the child and to regard it as something holy'. Force and violence, according to a number of researchers, are very rare, and in the more serious forms of criminality it appears that somewhat older girls are involved.

It is impossible to find accurate figures on the occurrence of real coercion and violence in sexual crimes, but between 1960 and 1964 there were only three convictions for such acts under the article of the Dutch penal



code dealing with sexual contact with children in which violence was a factor.

As for the connection between paedophilia and child murder in The Netherlands, the statistics speak for themselves: in the years 1960 through 1965, in a population of about two million children between 5 and 15, 0.8 boys and 0.3 girls per year are presumed to have met their deaths in connection with sexual offences.

There is much misunderstanding about how paedophile contacts really come about, thanks largely to the mass media. Over fifty years ago Stekel wrote, 'Adults are not always the seducers. Children do sometimes take the initiative. They ask for the time and look at men challengingly. Sometimes they address men in a begging way in order to make contact.' More recently Geisler observed that, in court procedures involving 'acts of indecency', 25% of the witnesses between 10 and 14 years of age had clearly shown their intentions and inclinations. Giese studied 393 homosexual cases and concluded that in 58% the initiative for sexual contact was shared equally by child and adult and in 21% of the cases the boy took the initiative; in only about one case in five, then, did the initiative extend from the

man alone. Most of the children had waited for and wanted the sexual contact. Half had had homosexual relationships before they reached 16 or 17 years of age.

But all of these studies are principally statistical in nature and do not satisfactorily deal with our original question. How, then, would one go about gathering data to try to answer it? How would we locate the people who, as children, have had sexual contacts with one or more adults and who are now adult themselves? And how would we then determine the impact of these events upon their characters?

Locating our subjects was perhaps the most difficult problem. We considered this point for a long time. Ultimately there seemed only one way to do it - by simply asking around. We asked everyone we could if they knew people who, as children, had had sexual contact with adults. Our pilot study consisted of 30 subjects. They come from all strata of the population, from different social levels and professions and from different provinces of Holland. Their ages range between 22 and 70. The research was begun in 1971 and is still in full swing. As of now, our sample has been enlarged to over 100 testees.

Once the subjects were located it remained to assess the impact of paedophile relations upon their characters, how the people in question experienced the events and how they assimilated it all later. Some sort of objective standard had to be set, as, for example, in the form of widely used psychological tests.

We settled on a two-phase format for the investigation. First was what we might call the *selective biographical* phase. We left each subject free to write his or her life story in so far as it dealt with the contacts, how he felt about them at the time and what his attitude was about them now that he was an adult. These biographies are, of course, highly subjective as far as the subject (but not the investigator) is concerned, yet they do lend themselves to psychological analysis.

The second phase was objective psychological testing. For this we chose to admin-

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ister to each of the subjects the ABV test, which consists of four parts with a total of 107 questions and is designed to measure levels of neurotic instability or mental unbalance. The ABV test has been widely administered in The Netherlands, and by comparing the test results of our subjects with those of the Dutch population as a whole we could determine how 'victims' and 'non-victims' scored on personality variables such as neuroses, extroversion and introversion.

The following are extracts from a few characteristic biographies:

*Case 1. (Age under 30; heterosexual adult)*

'My first contact was when I was fourteen. This was a positive experience for me. My partner was about 39. Now I am engaged to be married. The reason I now have a negative attitude toward it is because, in my eyes, it was not a normal situation but my age and education at the time did not permit me to make a proper judgement. Moreover, the person in question gave me so much pleasure that I just could not refuse... I think at the time I was afraid to lose him.'

*Case 2 (Age 24; heterosexual adult)*

'I had my first sexual contact with an older man in Rotterdam when I was fourteen... It was nothing more than each of us quickly masturbating each other, looking shyly around us. Once this corner was turned a lot of other experiences followed. I can't say much about them, just sex and nothing more. One of the reasons nothing lasted was because the men were dead scared of being trapped. The initiative always came from me. I used to wear my shortest and cutest shorts and stroll across the market squares and through the busiest streets of Rotterdam until I saw someone I thought was 'like that' and then I allowed myself to be 'seduced'. That went on until I was 17, when, for the first time, I fell in love with an older man and had a relationship with him for about eight months. That was the end of my fleeting contacts. I desired something more than just sex.'

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'I have no regrets about this period. I am only sorry that I never had what I was really looking for: an older friend with whom I could enjoy not only sex but all kinds of things, someone who would teach me about everything.'

*Case 3 (Age 23; heterosexual adult)*

'I was about 13 when I had my first paedophile experience. I had never heard the word, or even anything about homosexuality, because my sexual education was badly neglected by my parents. The man who brought me into touch with homosexuality and whom I even loved physically was, and still is, one of my dearest friends. I remember what a wonderful feeling it was when he satisfied me for the first time. I was not troubled in the least by worries over having done 'perverted things', probably because I had no idea of what such things were. A few months later the man tried to explain, but it was still a good year before I grasped it all properly.

'The only trouble I have had over this was when I first told my fiancée about it. She and I have fantastic sexual relations, and there is no question of problems on my side.

'My general opinion is as follows. Homosexuality must be exempt from the law. To me it remains a loving relationship between two people who need something else beyond sex. Otherwise one is in for a moral hang-

**'Later, when I was 10 or 11, we had sex together, something, I always enjoyed.'**

over (even in straight relationships). Paedophilia I find a more difficult question. I allow everyone love and happiness in all respects, but I cannot approve of this. I experienced no trouble myself, but not all boys become acquainted with it in such an understanding manner.'

*Case 4 (Age 37; heterosexual adult)*

'I must have been 14 or 15 at the time of

my first sexual encounter with a man of about 30. I enjoyed these experiences. Now, as an adult, I see that earlier period just as a part of my life, a part that belongs to me.

'I am now married and have four children. People with this inclination should fit into our society and our society should accept this as natural. But it will be a very long time before this happens.

'My earlier contacts of this kind were so upsetting to my parents that, at the time, I always had the feeling that I was doing something wrong. Now I see it as part of a personal experience which I would not like to see removed from my life.'

*Case 5 (Age 68; homosexual adult)*

'When I was seven I had contact with a man who was especially nice to me. He used to take me to his attic, sit me on his lap and play with me sexually. I thought it was very nice and enjoyed it. I always looked forward to Wednesday afternoons, the days when we saw each other. This went on for a long time.

'Later I had many contacts with other men, but never with boys my own age. One day I went with a waiter to his house. I was very interested and excited. We had unusually satisfying sex together. I must have been about 14. Back home I was restless and went to see him the very next day on my own initiative. We had intercourse about twenty times in the following period.

'I have never missed not having girls, like many others. Now, after a good life, I can see these early contacts as very positive to my development. I would not like to have missed them and I do not envy the people who never had these opportunities.

'I regard my life as proof that homosexuals are born, not made by circumstances.'

*Case 6 (Age 25; heterosexual adult)*

'When I was about eight years old I got to know a man in the street who thought I played very nicely. He invited me out for a bicycle ride, and later to visit his home. Although my parents had warned me not to do this I just could not see the problem they were talking about. I could not imagine that



this gentleman would harm me... Gradually we got to know each other... and I came to realise that he was homosexual. This did not shock me; I just wanted to know more about it. He told me about sex, bisexuality and heterosexuality, subjects which were quite beyond my parents. From him I received love, which actually I had never

where the first contact took place at six or seven years of age, so apparently there is no natural lower age boundary for the beginning of these activities.

The question of seduction to homosexuality has been dealt with extensively in recent literature. Tolsma investigated 133 Dutch 'victims' who had been sexually initi-

**As a result of this research I have been led to several tentative but important conclusions:**

**1. Children can experience sexual contacts and relationships with adults as positive.**

**2. Children are looking for love, affection and security in addition to sexual gratification.**

**3. We cannot talk about these relationships and contacts being traumatic for the child.**

**4. The initiation has no influence on later**

**sexual orientation.**

**5. In some cases the first contacts begin many years before puberty.**

**6. The sexual activity is mostly of a masturbatory kind.**

**7. Sometimes the friendship continues after the sex-influenced period had come to an end, in some cases for the rest of life.**

**8. The attitude of society toward paedophilia has a negative influence upon the child experiencing such a contact or relationship.**

known (not, I mean, in the way I know it at present from my wife). But our friendship was, and still is, one that I could imagine with no one else. Later, when I was ten or eleven, we had sex with each other, something I always enjoyed. That lasted until I was eighteen, when I started going steady with a girl. When I became engaged I was able to tell my future wife with an easy mind about my youthful experiences. She could appreciate the whole thing very well. We were very sure of each other and were married in 1968 and have, at the moment, an especially good marriage, an especially fine sexual relationship and an especially dear little daughter of 10 months.'

So much for the stories as told by the subjects themselves. From this very small selection one very important point emerges: there are a number of children who find these contacts more advantageous than harmful to their mental health. In addition, these stories demonstrate that the forming of a human relationship between a man and a boy is indeed possible, and sometimes this bond continues in the form of a firm friendship that endures for life. This happens even

ated by homosexuals and discovered that only a small percentage later became homosexual themselves, and this percentage was roughly the same as the percentage of homosexuals in Dutch society in general. Evidently the early experience had no statistically measurable influence upon adult sexual orientation. Our sample is still too small to draw any similar conclusions from present research, but our results are not so far in conflict with Tolsma's.

The second phase of our study, the results from the ABV test, was equally interesting. With an initial sample of 30, and even an enlarged sample of 100, it is impossible to draw more than tentative conclusions about such specific psychological variables as introversion, extroversion, etc., but the results are clear in one respect: our test persons were not more neurotic than the average Dutchman. In fact they are a measurable (but statistically insignificant) degree *less* neurotic. The widely held view that paedophile contact is harmful to the child, damages his personality and blights his later life, simply cannot be supported from the results of the ABV testing.





# LETTERS

On July 30 a National Front radical extremist, one Robert Relf, was released from prison. According to *The Guardian* (31 July), Relf said his experience there had been 'a terrible ordeal. He said that he had spent most of his time in solitary confinement in what was known as the "leper wing", where child molesters and rapists were locked up. He claimed that food sent to the wing was contaminated by other prisoners with urine and spit.'

The appalling ill treatment of men imprisoned for sexual contact with children is notorious in Britain. The real criminals, the thugs who rob and bludgeon and terrorise, add to the savage punishments meted out to choirmasters, teachers, youth leaders and other gentle people who have let friendships with the young get physical. This is surely the final monstrosity, and it seems nothing is done by officialdom. Hot cocoa is also poured over them. When is someone going to stand up and raise a great wave of effective anger about this?

And the British see themselves as civilised and fair-minded, an example to the world! The smugness and wrongness of it all. How do we find words for those people who question nothing about themselves or their heavy moral judgements, and who tolerate injustice of any kind if it's backing up their own point of view? My bet is that we are the most hypocritical nation the world has ever seen.

P. I., London

Great play is made about Androcur (See PAN 1, page 23), but what about those paedophiles who were forced to take earlier

hormone drugs? I was placed on a course of Stilbestrol in 1963, and this was backed with a court order that that I attend an out-patient's clinic for psychiatric treatment. In 1965 this was converted to an order committing me to a closed hospital where I was forced to take one 50 mg tablet three times a day for nearly two years.

The effects were devastating. I increased my weight by 3 stone (19 Kg). I not only developed breasts but also broad hips and thighs. I used to get hot flushes and was constantly in pain with perspiration rashes. At one time I had four very painful large red marks, one on each of the palms of my hands and the soles of my feet: I sometimes felt like a new Messiah. After 1969 I stopped taking the drug, but in 1973 a court order made it compulsory: they made me have an implant. In 1975 the drug was changed to Androcur. There was not much difference. The flushes went away and so did the perspiration rashes, but I became very short tempered and a once placid temperament was turned into a violent one: I once lashed out at a boy who called me a bad name and I was taken to court and fined £ 5. Last year I came out to the gay movement as a paedophile and eventually they convinced me to stop taking the drug. This was exactly one year ago.

Under the drugs I could gain no satisfaction and used to develop a technique that allowed me to masturbate two or three times in a row reaching an orgasm but, because of the dampening effect of the drug, not to ejaculate. Now I find there is less compulsion to masturbate, because satisfaction is so much more intense. My breasts no longer



seem to protrude; I think that with slimming and exercise they might disappear. But my hips are just as broad, and (since taking Androcur) the growth of body hair has been unbelievable. In 1976 there was no hair on my stomach, chest, arms or legs. Now I am well covered with dark, curly hair. I have to shave twice a day, my hair needs cutting once a month: it used to fall out in handfuls but was always thick; now it doesn't fall out so much and I'm going grey - but that is probably due to worry.

T. C., London, England

When someone writes a book he must expect and even welcome all manner of reviews, and any justifiable criticism is to be expected.

It is good journalism, however, to check the reliability of facts about the author and your review of *Sexual Experience Between Men and Boys* is full of ridiculous untruths, copied without verification from an extremely unreliable source.

For example: I was not fired from Yale University. I had left the Yale faculty in 1965 and the 'incident' occurred in 1971-72.

This book was requested by the YMCA and published by the YMCA press, and it is ridiculous to suggest that the police ever had anything to do with it; if there is some point of view in the opening and concluding section it is with reference to their perspective.

Much of the book was written in the Middle East in 1965-66, and Chapter 11 (*The Consenting Boys*) is too brief because there was to have been a second volume on that topic. The YMCA press, however, was sold for tax reasons and no other publisher was interested in the sequel.

The chapter *The Ladder Down* was drafted by a group of pederasts; indeed, nearly everything in the book is an effort to give voice to their own different points of view.

I was never 'taken off a plane in handcuffs', nor did I 'flee America'. I left the country on a long-scheduled visit to a monastery for writing long before the indictment against me was handed down. I did

delay coming back until I was able to find out what was going on: a conspiracy case was filed against me charging me with being guilty of 60 offences of other people, because I knew of them and did not report them to the police.

There is nothing wrong with the word *deviant*, which simply means someone that is different from the majority, but a reviewer is entitled to object. I still feel that it is useful for purposes of clarification to use the word *pedofile* for (someone attracted to) youngsters under puberty and *pederast* (for someone attracted to) youngsters between 12 and 16, which is what my book is about.

Parker Rossman, New Haven, CT, U.S.A.

*PAN uses paedophile to mean an adult drawn to persons who are adolescent or younger. Many psychologists restrict the term to mean an adult attracted to pre-pubertal children and use ephebophile to refer to those drawn to adolescents. Pederast has acquired such varied meanings in common usage (including anything from a homosexual to someone practising anal intercourse) that it seems better to avoid it, and deviant has clearly taken on a derogatory connotation.*

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# TRAVEL

## THE WAY IT IS IN MOROCCO

by Steven Wood

Emma started my interest in Morocco, and if you know Emma you would know how unexpected a bit of corner-turning that was. She was a guest of ours at a quiet dinner party my wife and I gave for two other married couples. Emma had recently been to Morocco enduring one of those live-rough kind of tours using a safari bus for transport and accommodation. For a well groomed woman like Emma it had been an eccentric thing to do - which shows that life, thank God, still has its surprises.

She told us of the magnificent mausoleums (powerful yawn wish), belly dancers - *male* as well as female (yawn, yawn) - the camels and snake charmers and veils and mosques (yawn, yawn, yawn, yawn), and then about the shepherds. Emma explained that in the rural areas men and boys roamed many miles grazing their sheep and goats. She had seen them from her bus wandering slowly over the coarse grasslands. There were no women with them.

'When the men feel the urge they just use the boys for sex,' Emma explained cheerfully. 'Nobody thinks anything of it - it's just the natural thing to do.' (Instant end of yawn wishes.)

There was laughter and then the conversation moved on but without much help from me. My mind, alcoholically refreshed, lingered on what seemed to me to be Emma's amazing information about the

wandering men and boys. She really had said that the men had their sexplay with boys, and that it was just the natural thing to do. No big drama. Nobody thought anything about it.

Considered from the oppressive narrowness of Britain here was very heady stuff indeed.

But next morning I had doubts about Emma. We had drunk extremely well, there had been a lot of wit and jokiness - so had Emma been having us on? It wasn't easy to think of a reason for telephoning her to find out about those allegedly lucky shepherds and their compliant boys, but I made the call. How did she rate Morocco as a place for a family outing? More yack, yack, yack. Then, casually, about those shepherds. Had she, ha ha, been joking about their love life, or was it true?

Joy of joys, it was true! Emma, very casual and direct (and disinterested), confirmed her remarks of the night before.

Now for action. A travel agent, seven day tour and quick reservation. At about nine in the evening, local time, on a Friday in 1974, I checked in to my low grade (deliberately chosen) Marrakech hotel.

That first evening, in warm darkness, I went for a stroll. As much chance of finding shepherds here as in Piccadilly Circus, but I was propositioned by a young man of about 25 in less than ten minutes. Promising if



embarrassing. I declined with great politeness and fled back to the hotel.

Next morning as I walked along the busy Mohammed Avenue with a heartful of hope, a boy of fifteen or so loomed up to offer his services as 'guide'. He was unusually ugly and had one eye streaming with mucousy water. I had to say 'no' and 'non' about a dozen times before the wretched youth would go away. Then I saw Ahmed approaching and I knew he was coming for me while he was still on the far side of the very wide avenue. And, oh, how very different Ahmed was.

He crossed, dropped into place beside me picking up my stride and said, 'I am your guide.' And I looked, gasped, tingled,

smiled and said, 'Yes, please.' So the deal was done.

Ahmed was so darkly beautiful that I could never forget him. He had black hair, very dark and magnificent eyes, perfect features, a mid-tone flawless skin, slim and lythe figure and that bloom that the gods give to some selected boys. I judged him to be thirteen, later to find he was two years older. Many Arab boys, certainly Berber Arabs, do look younger than European children.

Ahmed was mine for a senses reeling week - or, better put, I was his. Such luck was hard to believe. Emma, how could I ever say thank you enough! I spent every day with him and every day was an advent-





ure and a contest - but a contest with much real love in it. *Ahmed taught me that there is no in-built conflict between commercial gain and the act of loving. Most protected men and women never learn that lesson.*

In relative terms I was very rich and Ahmed very poor. I was his income for a week and he guarded me from others *because* I was his income. The boy, this dreamchild, was financially on the make nearly all the time. He steered me down the narrow and alarming and incredible souks and made sure I bought from stallholders he favoured - commission, of course, to him. He made me spend money on him all through the day (cigarettes, food, something for his father) and haggled with me as we parted at the end of each afternoon over the amount of his guide's fee. And why not? He was no more degraded or embarrassed by bargaining as my own son would be in pleading for a new bike.

There was the other side. He did so much for me. He *was* a good guide, he protected me from excessive ripping off by the street sellers, he warned me of dangers, he was utterly reliable; and there were the close moments - of laughter, of exchanged glances understood, of people being people together; in a strange way I felt secure in his presence. Let the sad cynics sneer - the relationship was real.

We took risks together, too. He got arbitrarily arrested in the Atlas Mountains on a trip with me and I got him out of jail after eight hours of agonised negotiating - and what a joyful reunion that was. Above all, we did what we wanted when we wanted, Ahmed's vote equalling two of mine. I hired a car (Ahmed topping the poll again) and everywhere we went had to be by car and at speed, Ahmed often steering - the whole of the road required - and sometimes satisfying himself sexually instead, both activities carried out with uninhibited rapture. The simple directness of it all was marvellous to see and share.

Ahmed taught me much about sex along with the many other lessons. One day he asked (how could he doubt it?) if I wanted

an *affaire* with him, but he asked in a way that put me on my guard. He was, I admitted, *charmant*. He said, ah, but he did not 'go all the way' with tourists, then added (huge smile and questioning eyes) that he knew a boy with whom he personally often made love. He would bring this boy along next day.

So, in the morning, when I drove into the sunshine in my little rented car, there were two boys to look for. Ahmed never came to the hotel where streetboys were likely to be attacked by the staff - which he told me was how the boy with the running eye got his running eye. The daily drill was to walk or drive slowly until Ahmed appeared from behind a wall or tree, or from a crowded sidewalk. On this lovely morning he had kept his promise. Two slim figures did the sudden appearing trick; Ahmed hopped into the front of the car and bundled his friend into the back.

The angels truly were on my side that week. Believe it as you like but the new boy was blond, blue-eyed, soft-skinned and utterly beautiful. He was pure Berber, yet like a young sun-tanned Swede. Ahmed curtly introduced me to this little god - Khalil. It wasn't easy driving, coping with Ahmed (very imperious that morning) and looking round for ecstatic glances at the shyly smiling Ganymede behind me.

We parked ten miles or so from the outskirts of Marrakech, and Ahmed gave instructions in high speed Arabic to Khalil. Then he beckoned us both out of the car and towards some trees. He would give us half an hour, he said, and I was to leave my watch with him. If we were not back when the time was up he would come to look for us, but not earlier.

So this delicate and gorgeous boy, Khalil, led me to the privacy of the trees, smiled (perfect teeth) and lowered himself onto soft scrubsoil, looking up in a touching moment of invitation and submission.

PAN is not a pornographic journal and so that is all there is to record - except to say that Ahmed's estimate of 30 minutes was too long by about 25, which may say little



for technique but speaks volumes for enthusiasm.

We drove back to town with Ahmed in onanistic mood in the front seat and Khalil, fearing I might be distracted, insisting on steering from the back seat on the pendulum principle of left lock then right lock then left. No one was hurt, and we finished with lunch.

A word about that lunch. The boys took me to what looked like a junkyard but turned out to be an eating house of outstanding heat and squalor, strictly a venue for peasants, or friends of Ahmed's and Khalil's. They ordered in voluble Arabic and helped serve up. It surprised me that the boys had chosen a dreadful looking soupy something for themselves while I was given what, after prolonged consideration, I decided was a rare species of leather-skinned fish. It simply would not open to reveal the edible parts inside. Ahmed and Khalil, sitting opposite me, watched for a while grinning, but scowled as the display of ineptness continued, began to mutter incomprehensible advice and finally set about pulling the creature apart with their beautiful, grubby and quick moving fingers - twenty slim fingers on the move at once. They poked, squeezed and pulled the fishy flesh out, then, hands dripping with grease, contentedly watched my pleasure as I ate. Kindly take note that they *cared* that I should enjoy this evident delicacy, and because of that I truly did. And guess why they had only the simple soup. To save my money, that's why. What shining little knights these were - at times.

Vastly complicated cash transactions took place in the car at the end of that magic morning, Ahmed, the winsome human calculator, switching at bewildering speed from Arabic to French to English (sort of), grabbing notes from my hand, suffering sudden spasms of generosity and handing one back, recovering his good sense and taking it back again, hissing at Khalil, laughing suddenly and giving me back two - until the mind spun. I think this bravura was as much for Khalil's sake as for mine. Bear in mind that I paid the principal, Ah-

med, and he paid the sub contractor, Khalil, so some induced confusion would be helpful in the dealings to follow between the two boys. The ceremony ended with promises that the three of us would meet again next day.

That night, thinking about the incredible adventures of the day and of the possibilities for tomorrow, I got disgracefully drunk in my room. I woke feeling remarkably well for the circumstances, and excited.

The two boys were waiting along the road, and sprang quickly from shadows into the car. This time *Le Patron* directed me along a different and much longer route out of town (I often called Ahmed *Le Patron* and it always made him laugh).

Far from Marrakech, near a splashing river and in the usual brilliant sunshine, we parked the car and walked up a grass covered slope. There was not a human being in view for all the many miles you could see.

Ahmed left me in a hollow on the hillside with Khalil. As before, the allotted time was half an hour. That day I wouldn't allow Khalil to go so quickly to ground. I lingered, enjoying his extraordinary beauty, regarding him from countless positions, marveling greatly, touching him and telling him about it all - not caring that he understood





nothing of what I said. Khalil spoke neither English nor French. He stood embarrassed and amused, aware of being admired and baffled by such ceremony. Moroccan boys don't hang about.

This time I used more of my thirty minutes than before.

When Ahmed came looking for us we were sitting silently in the sun - but it was a relaxed and peaceful silence. There was Khalil to look at, still beautiful if clothed, and the magnificence of the countryside; quiet moments of boundless contentment; here was an experience, an intimacy that might never come again but, whatever happened, could never be taken away. And despite the deep imprinting of my Anglo-Saxon upbringing I felt not the slightest twinge of guilt - there was simply nothing to feel guilty about. Here were only good things like beauty, fulfilment and quietness.

Ahmed spoke sharply to Khalil, then told me he wanted his half hour in the hollow. I was to leave the two of them together. 'Go, go,' he commanded, pointing downhill.

I ambled a proper distance away then sat on a hump still utterly at peace with the world and myself. But soon I saw something alarming and highly unexpected. A man, a peasant shepherd, was standing on a lowish headland looking directly down on the boys. Although I could see nothing of the action in the hollow, he must be seeing it all.

I scrambled awkwardly back up the hill, softly calling Ahmed's name. His sweaty face rose in front of me.

'Regarde, regarde!' I called, gesturing toward the stranger.

Ahmed looked, and when I had expected fear to register came only anger. He hissed violent Arabic phrases at me and dropped out of sight, back to Khalil.

Then, of course, I remembered the dinner party on a different planet when Emma first told me about the wandering shepherds and their boys. Here was positive proof of her words. The shepherd was so used to the sight of men and boys in sexual embrace that he watched only from casual interest - as Ahmed well knew.

Ahmed and Khalil emerged when the fun was over and we started towards the car together awash in goodwill. Then Khalil suddenly stumbled, twisted his ankle painfully. He hobbled on without complaint.

I crouched down and with difficulty got him to understand I wanted to carry him on my back. He was as baffled by this caring as by the admiration I had lavished on him earlier. Eventually he let me hoist him up - to Ahmed's voluble fury. By the time we reached the car other shepherds had arrived and were staring at the spectacle of a 'rich' tourist carrying an ordinary Arab boy. Strange, is it not, what different events surprise different people?

Ahmed and I had our last meeting of that trip (I saw him again about two years later) at a restaurant. We sat at a street-side table and chatted gravely. My feelings were a mixture of sadness and affection, the sadness for the moment predominating. Ahmed pointed to a sign above a shop which read *Tout va bien*.

'That's how things are with us,' he said.

Ahmed had standards, God bless him. One thing he could never get away from was the wonderful honesty of his face: that sublime little face reflected everything he felt - fear, jealousy, mirth, avarice, doubt, sexiness and those fine moments of nobility. Ahmed was most definitely okay, and there will be a place in paradise for him. Nor can I believe that, for the pleasure we had together, I need fear an eventual consignment to hell.

Hell, perhaps, for other things, but not for Ahmed and Khalil.

\*\*\*\*

*Therein shall they pass to one another the cup which shall engender no light discourse, no motive to sin:*

*And youths shall go round among them beautiful as imbedded pearls.*

*-The Koran*



# BOY-CAUGHT

by Edward Brongersma

Most of the objections people have to boy-love would evaporate if they could just have a quiet peep into the room where a man is being intimate with his young friend. It is imagining what they think is *supposed* to happen that makes people react so furiously against paedophilia. Even where people are intelligent enough to understand that violence and rape are - fortunately - very, very rare (in fact much less common than in comparable heterosexual relationships), they usually suppose that the younger partner is under compulsion to do things he really doesn't like very much and probably finds in some degree disgusting.

If such people could only watch for a few minutes while a boy is trying to seduce a man (as happens in over half of the cases when a relationship begins), or the expression on a boy's face while he is together with his adult friend, making love!

It is a shame that there is nearly no way to show this to the world at large. Pictures of real love scenes are very rare. There is a lot of pornography, of course, but most of this involves only paid models doing gymnastics with their sexual organs, and that is not love-making. It seems you must be a boy-lover yourself to know a boy's expressions and behaviour at such moments, and this is one of the main reasons why boy-lovers have ideas about boy-love that differ so much from those of 'ordinary people'.

Of course the boys, the adolescents themselves, know what the situation really is. And it would be of inestimable value if the general public had more substantiated evidence about their feelings. Research in this field has only started recently, and it stumbles on many obstacles. Last year Theo Sandford, a Dutch psychologist writing for the Netherlands Institute for Sociological Sexuological Research, completed a brilliant

Edward Brongersma, who with our last issue joined PAN as a regular contributor, has lived in the Haarlem area of western Holland all his life. A doctor of law, he became a senator in the upper house of the Dutch Parliament in 1946. Four years later he was convicted under a law which now no longer exists forbidding physical love between a man and a boy under twenty-one. Debarred and imprisoned for 11 months, he earned his living for a number of years thereafter writing books and newspaper articles, doing social work and research for the Criminological Institute in Utrecht. Eventually he was able to reconstruct his legal and political career and served fourteen more years in the Dutch senate, eight of them as chairman of the Permanent Committee on Justice. He has now retired from politics but continues his work as an attorney specialising in cases involving so-called 'indecent conduct' with minors. He is legal advisor to the paedophile workgroup of the Netherlands Society for Sexual Reform and travels and lectures extensively throughout Europe on the legal and sociological aspects of paedophilia and childhood sexuality. He is the author of several books and papers on this subject, including *Das Verfemte Geschlecht* (1970), *Sex en straf* (1970), *Sex met kinderen* (1972) (Co-author) and *Over pedofilen en kinderlokken* (1975).





240 page report on the subject of the child's reactions to these contacts and relationships and he outlined the problems the researcher is confronted with and, in the last section of his paper, selected ten cases for detailed analysis.

Leonid Kameneff, who sails the Mediterranean with his 'School on a Boat' for boys and girls, quotes from the diary of an eleven-year-old French boy, Jerome in his book published just this year, *Ecoliers sans tablier*. Jerome was in love with an adult man and his written sentiments give us a fine example of how common prejudices could be debunked by the 'victims' of paedophilia themselves.

**Misconception 1:** *A child has not yet the capacity for sexual love.* Jerome writes, 'In the dormitory last night - I imagined you are there. It is like this - I close my eyes and I embrace you. I caress your body all over. I love you. You do the same thing to me . . . And then I fall asleep, so happy!' In another place Jerome confesses, 'I love him. I want to prove to him all the love I feel for him. The best way I can do that is with my

body. I want to make both of us weep for joy.'

**Misconception 2:** *The boy gains nothing from such a relationship; the man just sacrifices the boy to his lust.* Jerome writes, 'You taught me the meaning of love. I might never have known it without you.'

**Misconception 3:** *The man dominates the child - thus it is a completely one-sided affair.* Jerome writes, 'You have changed me; and I have changed you.'

**Misconception 4:** *Such relationships don't contribute to the child's happiness.* Jerome writes, 'You introduced me to paradise. Every Saturday I go to paradise. With you I am happy; with you I live.'

**Misconception 5:** *The boy is debased by such a relationship.* Jerome writes, 'I feel this week like I am somebody, and that I will do good things.'

**Misconception 6:** *The child acts only under compulsion by the adult.* Jerome writes, 'I have never before felt so free.'

Who was it that said, 'From the mouths of children you'll learn the truth?'

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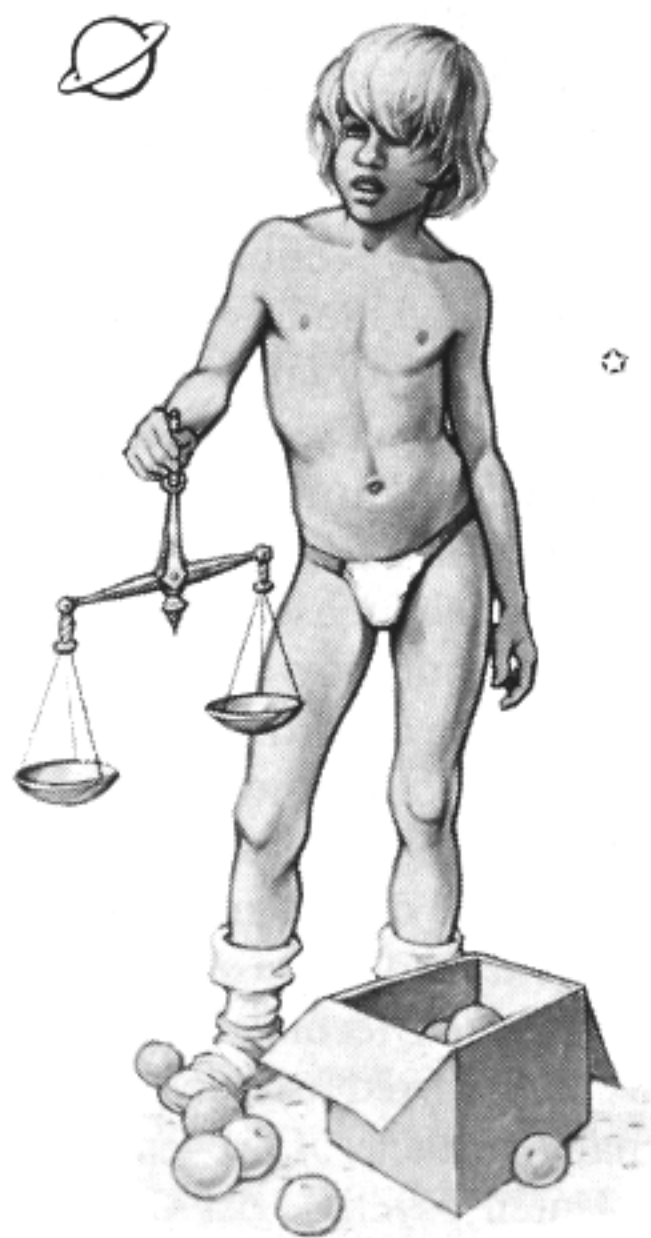
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# THE BATTLE LINE



## JUDIANNE DENSEN-GERBER AS WITCH OF THE WEEK

She testified, endlessly, it seemed, before the U.S. Congressional Judiciary Committee investigating child pornography. She appeared on CBS *60 Minutes* television, looking like a powdered pink pig who had got hold of jangly earrings and an eyebrow pencil and pulled her hair back into a bun. She wrote books, pamphlets, even papers appearing in respectable professional journals. For three years now Judianne Densen-Gerber (J.D., M.D., F.C.L.M.) of New York has been *the* expert on paedophilia of the U.S. scientific community.

During the terrible years of 1977 and 1978 it was her outraged, near hysterical voice which carried all before it. She was quoted endlessly. Psychiatrists and researchers who disagreed (there *were* a few) either held their tongues or, when they published a protest, were either told to shut up by their superiors or fired from their jobs. The Kinsey institute, which is supposed to have a huge amount of information on this subject, kept its cautious and characteristic silence.

Densen-Gerber has come a long ways in a short time. Barely ten years ago she started Odyssey House, a small clinic for drug addicts, and subsequently promoted it into a national chain with facilities in thirteen different states (and one in Australia) and a budget in excess of three million dollars a year.

But curing addicts seems not to have been big enough business for her; looking for new worlds to conquer, she and Odyssey

jumped into the Great Paedophile Witch Hunt at its inception in 1977 and all but turned it into her own crusade. She visited Australia; working with Mary Whitehouse, she galvanized the press there into starting a kiddy-porn suppression movement (she was totally successful). In 1978 she came to England and again teamed up with Mary Whitehouse to bull-doze through a prudish Parliament the so-called 'Protection of Childhood' Act.

There was one big problem (two, actually - see box): she didn't really know what she was talking about. Slowly people realized she had no command of the basic literature in this area of sexuality and she showed no familiarity whatever with even the most general concepts of psychiatry and psychology. Her strong statements swarming with debatable premises, effective in verbal presentations to American politicians and the gutter press, looked bad on the written page, and especially in technical journals. In the last months we have been hearing, mercifully, less and less from Judianne Densen-Gerber.

No one, surely, can have plowed through all of her turgid writings. The typical D-G product can be sampled in the recent 'Sexual and Commercial Exploitation of Children: Legislative Responses and Treatment Challenges' (in *Child Abuse and Neglect*, Vol. 2, p 61-66, Pergamon Press, 1979). She and co-author Stephen F. Hutchinson, J.D. get off to a dubious start by plunging right into



incest in the first paragraph: 'The use of the child as an adjunct or tool in fulfilling the parent's aberrant personal desires or needs is a form of child abuse distinguishable from the traditional formulation, yet often more devastating to the child.' Aside from the dreadful syntax, this contains a number of assumptions which range from the horrifying to the unproved: that it is often better for a parent to batter a child within an inch of its life than to have sexual contact with it; that the child is never a willing participant in these acts and that the parent's desires are 'aberrant'.

The word 'sexpolitation' (which the authors claim to have coined rather than copped from the gutter press) is now defined as 'physical or emotional harm to the child arising from 1) use of the child by the parent or someone in loco parentis for his or her own sexual needs, and 2) the use of the child in explicit sexual performances, whether for the purposes of prostitution, sexual exhibition or the production of pornographic materials.' Again the fractured grammar ('sexploitation' might *cause* harm; it could never *be* harm); again the unexamined premise that 'sexual performances' damage the child. In the same paragraph we learn that 'the sexual use of children' has spread from the U.S. to Asia and the rest of the world, a statement that shows Densen-Gerber woefully ignorant both of history and sexual customs in non-Christian societies.

**'Pre-pubertal sexual activity is highly destructive to the child's psychological development...'**

**Julianne Densen-Gerber**

Now it is time for the authors to drag out some of the sacred numbers of the anti-child-sex league. Once again we learn that 'by recent count there are at least 264 different magazines being produced and sold each month in adult book stores across the country dealing with sexual acts between child-

ren or between children and adults.' (See PAN 2, Page 25) Next comes the Sgt. Lloyd Martin figure: 'Los Angeles Police estimate that adults in this city alone exploited over 30,000 children under seventeen in 1976, and photographed many of them in the act.' (Strangely enough we are not told of the 70,000 copies supposedly sold of the elusive *Where the Young Ones Are*.)

Glancing down the page of this 'scientific' article, whopper after whopper leaps out at one. 'A growing body of information about the children involved confirms that psychological scarring and emotional distress which occur in the vast majority of these cases lead to significant other problems, many of which include the illicit use of drugs to deaden memories and desensitize present experiences.' When we look up the footnote to this statement we discover that the authority is none other than gutter journalist Robin Lloyd, author of *Playland* (see PAN 2, page 24). 'Pre-pubescent sexual activity . . . is highly destructive to the child's psychological development and social maturation.' How this information would have amazed Freud. Most ridiculous, we learn that a certain gynecologist in Sydney by the name of Malcolm Coppleson (private communication) 'has shown' that the 'vaginal pH' of the pre-pubescent is 'not sufficient' to 'neutralize' infections that come from intercourse, at which point we might be forgiven for wondering whether any of these people remember their high school chemistry, understand what pH is and what 'neutralize' means. 'It is obvious,' the authors conclude nonetheless, 'that children were not meant to satisfy the sexual needs of adults, and such use of them is like rape, a crime of power and abuse.'

And so it goes. Kiddie-porn is now a 'billion dollar' industry (according to the American gutter press it was only a multi-million dollar business when last we heard). We learn that one porn magazine tells fathers how to attach a lock to the labia of their young daughters so that no other man can get into her. 'Such sadomasochistic and snuff activities are an integral part of the



# JINGLE BELLS AND EMBEZZLEMENT

The gradual erosion of her professional credibility may be the least of Judianne Densen-Gerber's worries. Last August 9th the *New York Post* revealed that she had been accused of financial fraud by a former executive of her Odyssey House, which subsists solely upon government funds and private charitable donations. In addition, her husband, Dr. Michael Baden, was recently fired under suspicious circumstances as New York City's Chief Medical Examiner by Mayor Edward Koch.

A certain John Malik was Odyssey House controller during 1974 and 1975. He has publicly charged that during those two years:

Odyssey House paid over \$ 15,000 for Densen-Gerber's unsold books.

It paid more than \$ 2,200 for her parking violations.

Densen-Gerber authorized a \$ 500,000 insurance policy for herself paid for by Odyssey House but didn't inform the board.

Odyssey House paid out over \$ 100,000 for Densen-Gerber's personal expenses, which included such items as furniture repair, tuxedos, birthday parties, massages, cheese baskets, candygrams, social directories and hairdoes.

Odyssey House deducted taxes and insurance expenses from employees' salaries but did not pay them.

Densen-Gerber pressured two senior Odyssey House executives into 'lending' her \$ 6,000 each in order to meet the down payment on a Connecticut shorefront estate for herself, and then raised their salaries by the same amount.

To accomplish most of this, Densen-Gerber set up a certain 'Account 13' in which she was able to 'short stop' contributions and direct them away from the therapeutic work Odyssey House was supposedly doing and into her own hands. She alone could sign cheques on Account 13. When

questioned about Account 13 by a *New York Post* reporter, she said it was 'a development fund'.

Malik is not the only one charging irregularities. A New York City controller recently completed an analysis of Odyssey House books and found 'serious accounting and internal control deficiencies'. He also discovered that '72% of total expenditures for the period were for goods or services not authorized in the budget.'

State Attorney General Robert Abrams has at last launched an investigation. Former staff members of Odyssey House have added some bizarre details of their own: D-G ordered male staff members to parade around in their bathing suits and have their waist sizes measured by her for the winning prize, which was a jock-strap. When a patient at Odyssey House committed suicide, Densen-Gerber ordered 'Jingle Bells' to be sung at the funeral. When a black male resident was accused of fondling a white female resident while she slept (a charge he denied), he was forced to sit in a chair for 30 minutes while a group of white women were ordered to spit on him.

The incredible career of this woman, among other things, establishes beyond reasonable doubt that much of the big money in kiddie porn is being made by its denouncers. With the government and private charitable donations providing her an annual salary of \$ 95,000, an expense account of \$ 50,000 and enough odds and ends to purchase an estate on the most expensive residential shorefront in North America, she is currently riding high. But American courts don't like embezzlers, and Judianne Densen-Gerber, M.D., J.D., F.C.L.M., professional opportunist, kook and possible thief, might one day be meeting in prison some of the victims of her anti-paedophile crusade. Perhaps they will sing 'Jungle Bells' as she puts on her striped suit.



'kiddie porn' market,' the authors inform us grimly.

What are D-G's solutions? Prescribe 'harsh criminal penalties' for offenders (as though 40 years in prison isn't harsh enough). Same for promoters and distributors of child pornography. As for the children, she feels that we should 'develop intervention and treatment models for children victimized by this process.' Good sex education, of course, is needed, but 'anatomy and warnings about masturbation are not a substitute for dealing with the very real concerns and frustrations of adolescence.'

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The authors are vague about what kind of 'intervention and treatment model' they would like to see established, although presumably therapy would go beyond merely warning kids about masturbation. The job is made especially difficult, it seems, because the target group 'shows a more marked inability than other patients to trust any adult or establish the therapeutic rapport which is so necessary to rehabilitation.' (This is in direct conflict with the findings of Lindy Burton in her classic book, *Vulnerable Children*, wherein English children experiencing sexual contact with adults were found to be *more* trusting and loving than the control group composed of subjects who had never had sex with adults or suffered known major trauma. But perhaps Densen-Gerber bases her observations solely upon child patients at her Odyssey House.)

A glance at the authors' bibliography at the end is revealing. When a scientist presents the results of original investigation he often doesn't need references to other people's work; in a general paper describing a huge area of human behaviour they are the foundation on which the author's summary contribution must be built. In the present instance we have three references to other papers by Densen-Gerber, three references to papers by yellow journalist Robin Lloyd and a number of references to legal and court papers. Not one piece of medical or psychological research is cited.

But Densen-Gerber isn't interested in truth, or objectivity, or fairness. She is only interested in persuasion, manipulation, condemnation. As an authority she is discredited by her own writings, but her career flourished for a very long time and is a horrible instance of ambition and pure naked meanness, wearing the clothes of scientific respectability, propelling one insignificant middle-aged woman into fame and wealth over the dead bodies (how many suicides of boys and men has her 'crusade' caused?) and ruined lives (how many gentle, loving people languish now in jail?) of her betters.



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